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II.—The Model Salvation Soldier.**THE
General's Letter.
TO THE
SOLDIERS
OF THE
SALVATION ARMY***General Headquarters of the
SALVATION ARMY**—000—**CHORUS*

I said last week that after all, the Model Warrior was the Lord. His immortal teachings taken together constitute the true method in which our cause can triumph. The truth method in which man can triumph over the devil is to be carried on. "This Christ," declared Peter, "is the one who fought gloriously in the history of this war, who triumphed over the Devil." He added, "because Christ also suffered leaving an example that you follow His steps." But the Devil commanded the early Salvationists to follow the pattern of their master, the same obligation binds us.

It must follow you, nothing that can be done for you in the past or that can be done for you in the future can free you from this obligation or excuse neglecting to discharge it. How can we be saved if we neglect it? If we secure His favor kneeling, can we retain it without fighting where those feet shall lead? Friends, I say "impossible!" He is the author of eternal salvation to those who obey Him—and to them

it is following Christ. It isn't to be discovered. Here, anywhere, a man can be on the level with the most divine. The simple means keeping the word of God in his heart, the letter, that most specially to him. Following means imitating. Children of Israel followed the Pillar of fire; that is, they moved after it, went in the same direction as it. They stopped when it stopped. They made no mistake in following God. Christ said, "If I am a most disastrous one. They signified following Him to Hell and that in the most comfortable possible. Whereas the true idea—which was taught by the example of the cross—was that the lives of men—those words—show that following means following Him, from Heaven to a world of sin by paths of sorrow offering; indeed just as doing. To be a Christian is not really to be a Christian, to Christ—man, not only one way of following but the only way of getting to God. The prevalent notion is that can be reached without.

particularly, then. Following must mean having the same purpose. What is the purpose? To reach the salvation of the World. Not the salvation and the suffering and the death. These were the end, by which only the end could be said; if the end could have been reached without suffering, death would have been avoided. He reached the dying millions and gave a Divine life before them and gave forth His Divine Blood for them. The salvation of all people, to the Son of God, is the end of His purpose. To this every soul must bend, and with effort and feeling and effort will offer. His whole being was consecrated accomplishment.

Comrades, here is our pattern: are you living for? What is the secret meaning of your life? What is the end of existence? What do you live for? What is the end of marrying and giving in marriage—money-making, and tollings and tangles? Is it the salvation of souls, the overthrow of the kingdom of God? I don't know what I don't feel so now. If I know my own heart it is of yearning at this moment for the happiness of all men, especially for my comrades, who have vowed to follow the Master. I am bursting him terribly and his black hellish habits thus had caused him to feel were evidently

A chain binding him severely. I asked what he did to want the dark soul washed away? Oh, yes sir, I do. I said, whatever he goes, and

therefore I must say what is in my soul in this matter, I must push this question. Give me the assurance that the ruling principle of your life is the same as that which has led Obed to follow and let Him to fight the foul field of Hell in the Wilderness, bore Him onward on the back of suffering and tears and ignominy and shame; sustained Him in drinking the Cup of Calvary, bore Him through the River of Blood, bore Him through Gehenna, sustained Him to the Cross of Calvary, and enabled Him in triumph to open the gates of the Kingdom. Is that what you are living for? If not you may be religious—a very pious person amongst religious—but I don't see how you can be a Christian.

What is the value of a shell without a kernel? What is a body without a soul? What is a Christian without a Christ inside? If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is not Christ. He who has the spiritual power of Christ's spirit will still be, and ever will be to save the world.

We know what is done with shells that have no kernels. We know what is done with bodies when the soul is wanting, and there is a great deal of very plain teaching in the Bible, that tells us about what is done with men and women professing to be apostles who are not. There are no bounds to the blessing—present and future—which God will lavish on those who have the form and the power, but the hypocrites will be cut down, and have that portion in the outer darkness, where there is weep-

ing and gnashing of teeth.

My comrades, let us watch, and compare ourselves with our Divine Model; so that it will be well with us, and so shall we have prosperity.

Believe me,

Yours for carrying on the War after the Master's fashion,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

Stumbling Blocks Removed.**No. x.***"I do not feel that I am a sinner."*

Well, you are a sinner, whether you feel it or not, and you are called to do not with a question of feeling, but of fact. Many a man has been fatally ill without feeling his danger, but his lack of feeling did not arrest for one moment the progress of disease and death. Therefore, it is the most foolish notion that you can bring against those who were "allured from the life of God through the hardness that is in them, because of the blindness [or hardness] of their hearts," that they were "just feeling." Your spirituality, therefore, is no excuse for commencing a difference with the peril of your soul, but an aggravation of your guilt.

*"Sin is the transgression of the law,"**"as is for instance, Yang, and Daou, as I have many times said."**"Yang is lawlessness."**"It is the spirit of lawlessness to the law of God, as that law is summed up in the*

words of our Baviour, "Then shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with thy mind." This is the first and great commandment. The second is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Judged by this law, you have shamed every second of your existence, so that if you have lived thirty years, you are really charged with more than nine hundred and six sins. You are a sinner, and if you can see yourself in the light of God's presence, you can exclaim as Job did, "Behold, I am vile;" "I would cry out at Isaiah bid, "Woe is me! for I am undone!" In addition to your sins, you are guilty of breaking God's law, and fleeing from a servitor, you are justly answerable for the crowning and damning sin of unbelief. The Lord Jesus Christ says, "He that believeth not is condemned [judged] already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God;" and again He says, the Holy Spirit will reprove "of sin, because they believe not on Me."

*"While, therefore, you continue in unbelief, you are guilty of the sin of sin."**"Eph. iv. 18, 19. "I John iii. 4.**"Matt. xiii. 47-80. "Job xi. 1.**"John iii. 18. "John xvi. 9.*

So learn that the man whose hand used to shake so much on Sunday, as the result of Saturday night's debauch, does not have to wait till Monday morning to get shaved—and simply because he is now receiving.

*The devil's kingdom must give way.**For the men (and women too) of God have begun to pray.**Cadets Wailes and Sharpe for Capt. Ronan.*

Reports in rhyme take too much time for us to fit for printing; they need much space, so we do not grace, to keep us from it-thinking.

Pickering.**DOWN AND UP!—THE SOLDIERS ARE DESPERATE—LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS.****WHOSE FAULT IS IT?***BY THE HAMMACHE.**Yours!*

"Mine? What do you mean?"
I repeat it is you who refuse to follow Jesus, but who do not follow Him—you with your illnesses, your sadness, in interests, however, love of pleasure, and of getting on fast—it is your fault.

Heaven declares it—the angels report it with terrible solemnity. Those who repudiate the Lamb everywhere and have committed everything, but dung and dross, repeat this condemnation—it is your fault.

You see that crowd of lost souls standing before the Eternal Throne to hear their sentence. Why does that sight strike you with unspeakable anguish? Why?

It is because another voice of conscience is speaking to you, that you are not, and it is your own. No companion is so terrible to hear as that of your own guilty conscience; no anguish in the universe to be compared with that anguish. They know their duty, but they did not do it. You think that you have how to do and that "not" to do it is sin.

Do you say, "What is the meaning of 'What judging'?" Judge not, but ye that are not judges.

You condemn too severely.

Very well, let us examine that crowd closely.

Don't be afraid, let us go nearer and nearer. What don't I? What is it possible? Why do you turn pale like that? Yet it is indeed her; do you recognize her? She reproaches you, she blames you, she condemns you, she curses you, her eyes are fixed upon you without hope, fixed with inexpressible sadness. She calls you by your name. Listen!

I lived with you under the same roof, we ate at the same table, we talked plainly together. You were a Christian, you had a home, you had a wife, you had a child, you took hold of me, and I tell you that it was true; that this day of judgment was a reality; that heaven and hell were not the dream I thought? Why did you not speak to me with a kindred spirit? Why did you not put into the discussion of losing money, and the perishable things of this world? Why did you not speak to me about my poor soul? Ah! why? All these things have disappeared—nothing remains but the reality of your soul. The end has come; the day of judgment is before me, the Judge is there. I am afraid to go and meet Him—I am not ready!

Silence is the only one. I see another who resembles you. Who is this? "A friend!" do you say?

"Friend!" repeat the piercing voice, which makes you tremble. "Don't call yourself my friend." How many evenings have I not passed at your house—how many common-place conversations have we had? "Friend, you have lost your soul?" What does everything else matter now? I know you! It is true you spoke a little about religion to me from time to time, and I have seen you pray; I thought that you only a custom among old people.

But you are made, make me feel my dagger, that the flames followed after death. You never told me that I was going to hell—that misery and despair were waiting for me—just my sins and my indifference would rule my soul. You would have been a good man if you had been born in such a family; but you never knew me when you knew that I was in danger of eternal fire. You sell yourself my friend? Friend, I have been one of my most intimate friends. You had the light, you had the truth, you had the great day of account was coming, and yet you let me appear there without being prepared. An entire world for my soul—my soul!"

Turn round to look at you. Your face shows me you are all too late; the time wasted, the opportunities neglected, your earthly life, soils that you might have sown with the seed of the Word, whom you have loved; blood of your flesh, friends, are found on the left hand. What will you do, what can you do? The end is here. You are called to give an account of your stewardship; you may have been a good man, contracted. Ah! what might you not have done. Too late now—too late forever.

Look! I see another eye which regards you with a mournful, before your whole being falls into the hands of His justice. "Friend, you are here to save you in your misery and your sin; who never lost sight of you, who has always been full of love, of mercy, of pity for you. His love pierces you through and through. His love, his love, his love are His best gifts, the gifts He sent to you; saving you the real—not only your friends, your acquaintances, but those wandering souls who in spite of

Wanted 20,000 Lion Slayers..

Lions of hell are going about the world cursing,
blighting, marauding, and damning the lives
of innocents.

Ever wanted in the ranks of the Salvation Army;
David's who will spend their time, talents, and
life to slay them.

Slaying the Lion.**Does Jesus and Salvation Satisfy.**

I cannot give it up, it is too much; I have too much got I want to be saved; what shall I do? what can I do? This was part of the saying of a man; well up in years at the penitent farm at F--- a few nights ago who to all appearance was in the greatest agony of mind; he said, "I don't care for God; I don't care for Jesus; I don't care for now. If I know my own heart it is of yearning at this moment for the happiness of all men, especially for my comrades, who have vowed to follow the Master. I am bursting him terribly and his black hellish habits thus had caused him to feel were evidently

A chain binding him severely. I asked what he did to want the dark soul washed away? Oh, yes sir, I do. I said, whatever he goes, and

what does He become to you? If He doesn't satisfy, then Salvation is more horrid to you than misery, and you are bound to the Master with the chain of sin.

You say you cannot give up the pipe. I ask why, and you tell me you cannot see any wrong in it.

I answer, it is a bad habit, and Jesus came to take the place of it, and thus satisfy the smoker without the pipe, so that with a brain cleansed from sin, and a mouth clean of all unclean thoughts, you would be enabled to serve the Master of the world.

Comrades, I left the Meeting, and the town, with "He satisfies me now," burning like a fire in my bosom, and I said to myself, "What do you think of Jesus and salvation now, comrades?"

Him. And this question after question might be asked and answered the same for He gave Himself to satisfy us with.

Now then Give up the Pipe.
STAFF-CAPT. W. EADIE, A.D.C.

At a Saturday night Fresco-and-easy we had a very good time, splashed together; here are a couple of specimens:

No. 1 had taken the boots off his child for drink (the child was sitting just behind him, with a teary-bone); had also taken the shirt off his back, and folded it over his head, for the drink. Only the shirt, but not the legs, nice though they were spent.

No. 2. Jesus satisfies him now with our cigar box, tobacco, or snuff.

everybody are plunged in vice and degradation, and are dying here and there all around you in anguish and despair.

There were also your brethren, your sisters. You have a solemn responsibility with regard to them. Has not the Lord made you speed, not to turn the world away from sin? But if you do, shall his sentence of his iniquity, but his blood will I demand at thy hand."

Oh! what a responsibility is yours! What you have failed to do has not been done by any one. Your neglected work has remained unaccomplished ever since Jesus sent His Blood for us. Look at you, who are the ones whom you have done for Him in return for His love, for which no sacrifice is allowed to be a hindrance.

What have you to answer? You drop your head—you have nothing to say. Oh! what a terrible responsibility it is when you feel the frivolity, the pettiness, the littleness of all the miserable excesses that you made to hide your unfaithfulness. Ab! this is the rock bitter drop in your cup—this is the time to meet the regret of the Master.

But, unquenchable blots, the end has not come yet! There is yet mercy, yet grace for your unfaithfulness. You may still fulfil your duty, finish the work appointed you bring—ah! who could say how many—so far as the lot of Jesus?

Away with time! Time is of no account. Soldiers, Soldiers, all over the world, go at it, go at it! The time is flying, you have not a moment to lose, if you wish to meet God in Heaven.

Strong Drink.

We will not buy,
We will not make,
We will not sell,
We will not take;
Wine, Cider, Beer,
Rum, Whisky, Gin,
Because they lead
Men into sin

Tobacco.

We will not smoke,
The smoker's pride,
Those little things
Called Cigarettes.
We will not chew,
We will not snuff,
Or waste our time
In playing puff.

Profanity.

We will not curse,
Though many dare,
Open their lips
To curse and swear.
Our mouths are sealed,
Both pure and plain,
We will not take
God's name in vain.

From all your filthiness and froth all
you idiots will cleanse you.—Ezrael
xxvii Chap. 26 Verse.

PROMOTED.

Our dear comrade, Mrs. Juby, daughter of Archibald and Deborah Braden, was promoted from the 74th Canadian Corps to the highest rank of Major, on Friday, 25th February, 1865.

She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving a grand testimony behind her, that she KNEW was to be WITH JESUS FOR ALL ETERNITY.

As we followed the last remains of our dear sister to the tomb, marching nearly 100 strong, the people were amazed, but we felt that it was good to die in the Lord.

After the funeral we had a meeting, when five precious souls came to Jesus. Hallelujah! Sunday evening we had a grand memorial meeting. Such a time of power. Best of all, two souls wept so truly to the feet of the Friend of sinners. Fire a volley.

Capt. Goodall, Lieut. Fisher, Pte.

Newcastle.

The fighting here has been hard, but we felt

Jesus

was with us and he was more than all that would be against us. Tuesday night we had happy Bill with us,

Had a real good meeting and we are asking God to make the people as miserable on account of their sins, that will come and cry to God for pardon. We are trusting in Jesus and believing for

Victory.

Capt. Morton for Capt. Dinsdale.

CAMPFIRE

(Bellville Outpost.) DEATH AND GLORY GIRLS; The devil is raging here; nevertheless God is saving, we mean

Victory or Death, We are living in constant dread. God forgives us all time and again, closed with a precious soul, happy in Jesus' love, to God be all the glory.

Capt. Philpot, Capt. Bell.

WE ARE GOING AHEAD.

We offer our 107th Corp this week.

Certainly not bad for two years and a half fighting.

There are yet hundreds more to be opened.

You must help us do it!

Staff-Capt. MADDEN is much better.

Keep praying for him.

The COMMISSIONER is on the War Path presenting Colors.

Look out for his visit to your Corps!

What we want. Friends give us their practical sympathy and help, to help save the Dunlopion.

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